

Of Interest to Women

CALLOT GOWNS SIMPLE IN DESIGN.

BY ANNE RITTENHOUSE.

Special Correspondence of The Star.
NEW YORK, October 12.—"What in the world is this wrapper which I am asked to wear and for which I am asked to pay \$200?" was the perplexed query of a woman who was being shown the new Callot collection.

The woman who was selling the gown proclaimed its beauty, its classic lines and its comfort and ended up with the remark that ends every conversation of this kind: "It is the very latest thing from Paris, and all the women will wear it."

Well, it isn't the latest thing from Paris, although one must admit that it is the most prevalent thing from Paris. Last March Callot was making these wrapperlike costumes, and women still have in their possession straight, eleven-inch and twelfth-century frocks of black tulle embroidered with gold thread, which have been left over from the Callot collection of last spring. Some of these were sold in July at absurdly reduced prices at the houses that wanted to get rid of all their spring models.

It would take an expert to tell the difference between the majority of the Callot gowns of this autumn and those of last spring, but that is a remark that has neither malice or disapproval in it. Callot has made evening gowns in the same manner for so many years that one forgets when her movement began toward tight skirts short in front and long in back, and careless bodices held around the waist by a shoulder strap.

Tunics of William the Norman.

It is not easy to put the finger on the exact source of these wrapperlike garments that Callot, along with a number of other French dressmakers, has offered as the prevailing fashion in frocks. If one will glance over the costumery of the women of the eleventh century, when William the Conqueror went over to England and carried his fashions with him, one can well believe that the designers have dipped back into those early days for inspiration.

It is easy to call the gowns medieval, for this long, tunic garment developed slowly through the centuries, from the day that the Norman conqueror took his tunic to England until Francois Premier encouraged the gorgeousness of the one-piece frock.

The modern tunic lies between these two lines. Decent, for instance, makes a gown of white crepe, with a velvet band on it that is primitive in its simplicity, while Callot sends over a frock of rough woolen stuff which might have been hand-woven in the eleventh century and which is ornamented with great palm leaves of satin stitching and girdled with a silk cord.

Both of these frocks resemble those worn by the early days, but they are covered themselves with a single garment and allowed it to reveal every curve of their figure in the latest fashion. It would seem to the student of architectural history that the gowns of the hour have drawn their inspiration from the ways the straight tunic, for dressmakers have drawn them then, and the highest ladies of the land have drawn their own clothes, and usually wore the fabrics for them, and from the women of Briton to the

Callot's chemise gown of black velvet, embroidered in side panels of gold threads, girdle of gold thread and black velvet.

women of Egypt. There spread a vast variety of tunics. So it is today, for each dressmaker seems to have drawn inspiration from a different land, though remaining true to the epoch.

The prevailing idea is the same—a straight tunic, no collar, long sleeves right at the wrist or daring to show an undersleeve, a girdle below the waist more or less ornate, and embroidery in some form.

This fashion paragraph could have been printed in the twelfth century as well as the twentieth. It is descriptive of women's apparel in each.

Is It Egypt?

The gown which is sketched today is a tunic by Callot, which has been brought to this country and offered as the leading fashion for afternoon use, provided one has a good-looking topcoat. It is supposed to be Egyptian, but there are artists who describe it as Spanish. It is a straight tunic of black velvet, with splendid embroidery in gold threads covering each side and reaching from shoulder to hem. There is a band of fur at each side. The neck line is severe, merely outlined with black velvet and gut round, as it is the fashion of the hour. The sleeves are long and slim and embroidered with gold at the wrist. The girdle which keeps the fullness in place is made of black velvet intersected with pieces of gold embroidery.

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up and scowled at Mr. Sun. Then, for the first time, he noticed a lot of little clouds lastly floating in the sky. A bright idea came to Sammy all in a flash. He remembered that Old Mr. Toad likes dull, cloudy days, especially if there is a shower. He would ask the Merry Little Breezes to drive up a lot of those clouds, so as to hide the face of Mr. Sun. When the Merry Little Breezes heard what Sammy Jay wanted them to do they agreed and raced away to drive up the clouds. Then Sammy hurried to tell all the friends of Old Mr. Toad to be in the far corner of Farmer Brown's garden by the time Mr. Sun's face was hidden.

It all worked out as Sammy had hoped it would. The Merry Little Breezes drove up the clouds until they were so crowded together that they seemed like one great cloud and the day became quite dark. Then a few raindrops fell. As the first one splashed on the old roof at the edge of the pit Old Mr. Toad poked his head out. Then he crept out on the roof, took a long breath and scrambled up over the edge of the pit. No sooner was he over than all sorts of hiding places popped his friends. All the birds of the Old Orchard were there. Peter Rabbit and the Red Squirrel and Jack Squirrel and Striped Chipmunk and Chatterer the Red Squirrel and Danny Meadow Mouse.

"Welcome back once more!" they shouted. "Hurray for Old Mr. Toad!"

Then, while the birds sang the others danced around, until Old Mr. Toad grew dizzy watching them and he couldn't find a word to say. Then the Merry Little Breezes chased away the clouds, and jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun looked down and smiled at the old man. He saw that Old Mr. Toad was happy to sit under a big cabbage leaf, while his friends went their ways, wishing him a long life and a joyous one.

THE BEST IN BACON.

Bacon is expensive nowadays, but, then, so is everything. And however expensive it may be, it pays to get bacon of good quality.

Much, of course, depends on the way bacon is cured, and, of course, much depends on the original pieces selected for curing. But much also depends on the way it is sliced.

Bacon should be evenly cut, and thin. Of course, much depends on the way it is cut. The best bacon is most likely to be well cut. And most butchers nowadays cut bacon by machine.

If you have a large family to provide for and find the bacon sold in boxes or jars expensive, you can afford to buy a cutter. It can be used to slice bacon, cold meats, smoked beef and other things, and will prove decidedly useful.

There are, of course, dozens of different good ways of cooking bacon. Most Americans like crisp bacon, and are disappointed when they first taste the—our palates—rather soggy bacon of England. One way to make bacon crisp is to broil it. This must be very carefully done, however, to prevent scorching.

Another way to cook bacon so that it is crisp and curled is to cook it in its own fat; that is, let the bacon fat accumulate from several skillets of fried bacon. Pour it into the skillet, let it get thoroughly hot, and then fry the bacon in it until it is an even golden yellow or light brown. Bacon cooked in this way is delicious, and comes from the pan dry and crisp and evenly cooked.

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Of course, no one knew just when it would happen, so it was agreed that Sammy should keep a watchful eye on the pit by day and at night. Toad should reach a place where he could scramble out Sammy should at once notify every one, so that they could be on hand. Peter Rabbit agreed to watch the pit at night and if Mr. Toad should show signs of coming out then he, Peter, would scamper around to notify all those who were awake.

Peter knew enough about Old Mr. Toad and his ways to know that he seldom shows himself while jolly, rosy, bright Mr. Sun is shining, but prefers to come out just after Mr. Sun has gone to bed behind the Purple Hills. He said as much to Sammy Jay. Mr. Toad would finally scramble out of the pit after most of his friends had gone to bed. This was what Peter wanted to do. He wanted to see Mr. Toad and to tell all those who are abroad at night would be on hand to welcome him, and this seemed too bad, for Peter wanted a big party to show Old Mr. Toad how many friends he has.

At last there came a day when Sammy Jay's sharp eyes discovered the last

Old Mr. Toad is Happily Surprised.

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